



dead
=====
 prez



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Walk Like A Warrior"

(feat. Krayzie Bone)

[Hook]

Walk Like a Warrior
Walk Like a Warrior
Walk Like a Warrior
Walk Like a Warrior
Walk Like a Warrior

[M1]

I was trained to defend myself for my brain and my mental health
The white man got the wealth he held back
We're living in hell black and niggaz can sell crack
But that ain't gonna change this thang
If you gonna bang, then bang for change, don't bang for crazy thangs
If not don't bang
If ya gonna ball play the game how it should be played
Can you dribble a grenade?
To save your life you payed the price, mama raised you right
Now how you aint gonna fight?
For the white man's laws hell naw
For the cause, because we got to get what's ours
Gotta struggle for the motherfucking power
Cuz we're livin in the last few hours
It's 11:59, I think it's bout time
We get on the grind, and get out the carbine
With freedom of mind we can see what we can find
If you can spot 'em, pop pop pop the po-9
This is only a rhyme so now don't get scared
Listen to the message in the word
Don't let your sight get blurred, you heard this righteous words
You might prefer it from a car mic
Timeout, I didn't say bug out, ball out, bling out
All ya'll sell-outs get the hell out
This year it's RBG so bang on out
Uh, we people army nigga bang on out

[Hook]

[Stic]

Yo, Yo, what you know bout heart?
Can't be the weak link in the squad
Gotta look way deep in your heart
Anything in the way gotta go straight through
Take charge
Can't hide from your flaws when you ride for the cause
Cuz a nigga will pull your card
Keep your guard up 24/7 on the street like you're doin hard time on the yard
What you know about heart?

Can you assemble your heat in the dark
Take it apart, and clean all the parts?
Life is a journey, a course, like learning a martial art
You can't have partial heart
Gotta get your own, if you drop the bone, dog, we all fall
It ain't over til the problem solved
Get your back up off the wall

My niggaz is riders, we fighters, we tight as a fist
RBG's up in this bitch, so bang on out
If your khakis is saggin, you reppin your rag and you holdin the magnum
Use it for freedom nigga, bang on out
All my dirtiest dirty's, revolutionaries and visionaries
Don't be no scaredy nigga, bang on out
It's a war goin on in the streets, we hollerin fuck the police
Ain't bout no peace, nigga, bang on out

[Krayzie Bone]
Me so you see fifty niggaz in all black fatigues
My regime runnin down your street
At the end of the block, we got the god damn cops
And they hope we sink, tell me what you see
I see (bang) buildings burning, motherfuckers trippin for a goddamn purpose
The police is nervous, cuz we done observed 'em
Now niggaz is thinking about murder
We ain't talking, no more, and we ain't squashin shit with po-po
And we ain't marchin in the middle of the goddamn road
Cuz Martin got smoked
Niggaz ready for war, so get the fuck up, we fixin to set the city to fire
This time when we ride we burnin it down, turn this shit 'round
Keep your justice, your peace
And keep blessin the heat, and that there crooked officer
We won't stop blazin til they coughin up blood
Wanna slang my baseball cap to the back and get busy, nigga
You say you a soldier, well get over here nigga we under attack
As soon as they done, they get gone
Muder mo come, come, they done, me red rum, me red rum, they done
And when we put 'em in they grave
We toss in a donut, and tell 'em we don't surrender, surrender, naw

[Hook]

I ain't talkin bout no hustla
I ain't talkin bout no gangsta
I'm hollerin at them soldiers
Revolutionary culture
Bang on out

Dead Prez Lyrics

"I Have A Dream, Too"

"There was an incident where a police had shot a black man in the back and then went and plant a gun next to him and say that the guy draw a gun on him which they find out after the investigation that the guy didn't have no gun - The police had shot him in cold blood."

Wake up nigga!
Wake up nigga!
Wake up wake up wake up!

Backseat of the 'lac, big gat in my lap
Ready for combat, feelin like Geronimo Pratt
We had the windows cracked, headed up the strip
Black rag in my hand, don't want no prints on the clip
Hollow tips cuz we thugs with this shit my nigga
This aint no game, we bang for yo hood my nigga
I take a left at the light, turn off the headlights and ride real slow
Now holla at me when you see the 5-0
Alrite Dirty, yall boys ready?
Bout to turn drive-bys revolutionary
(POW POW POW POW POW) YEAH MUTHAFUCKA YEAH!
(POW POW POW POW POW) YEAH MUTHAFUCKA YEAH!
Look at 'em run, too scared to pull they guns
Outta shape from them coffees and them cinnamon buns
This shit is fun, how I feel when the tables is turned
Hollow tips hit yah flesh through yo vests and it burn
That's a lesson you learn, comin strait from the slums
And it don't stop till we get full freedom!

DIE DIE DIE!

Just when you thought it was safe
Police kill a little boy last night
They said it was a mistake
But that won't bring back his life
His momma couldn't believe
That it could happen to her
She prayed to God everyday
Guess it just wasn't enough

And this is a revolutionary salute, nah mean to the comrades, word, cuz this is real shit, this aint just stories you nahmsayin? People like Twyla Meyers Crazy [?], Kunta Hari, Rushell McGee, Jalil Mutakeem, Hugo Yogipinell Herman Bell, [?] Shakur, Asana Shakur, Nahanda Abiodum, Russel Maroon Shokes, George Jackson, Tariq Haskins, Mutulu Shakur, Lenin [?], Jonathan Jackson, Shanta [?], Bunji Carter, Albert Washington, [?] Uhuru, Eddie Conway, [?], [?], The Black Liberation Army, Tupac Amaru Freedom Fighters, The Mau Mau, The Zapatistas, Black and Brown Power

yeah
long live all souljas
UHURU!

Dead Prez Lyrics

"D.O.W.N."

RBGs, RBGs, Nigga it's dat RBGs
RBGs, RBGs, Nigga it's dat RBGs

Tell me are you down? when it's goin down
You got to hold it down, don't talk it hold it down
Tell me are you down? when it's goin down
You got to hold it down, when it's goin down

Have you ever had a lesson from a OG?
From a nigga that's been in the war
Been locked up longer than I been on the earth
And his crime is defendin the poor
And they can tell you bout death, tell you bout life
But most of all they tell you bout sacrifice
And they can tell if a woman aint with you when you down
cuz she never really could be your wife
What it mean to be D-O-W-N?
Is ya homies still down when it's trouble you in?
You wanna have a good time make it hot when the pigs come down on the block
Would they fuck wit you then?
Now you wanna get high wit me, organize wit me
Start a clothes drive then maybe we can start a fire
Where my RBGs? My guerillas wit a G-U-E
Don't got a I-Ching homey get free

Who number 1 when we ride? We follow the plan
and there's a role for every man
With a chain of command even when the shit hit the fan
Anything get outta hand we still stand
To me bein down mean more than bein friends, or kin
We comrades we struggle, through any trouble
Sacrifice my life in combat for ya
So you know I gotta love ya I'm down for my brothas
And sistas, fuck the system, bust ya pistols, nigga I'm with ya
Just put a rag on ya face when you ride
You don't want them satellites to take ya picture
We gotta have a lot of discipline and it comes from within
It's not somethin you pretend, homey
A lot of niggas be talkin that shit when it really goes down it be gone with
the wind, homey
Can't be no tower [?], gotta get this power by any means
Gotta know yaself and ya enemy when you puttin it down for ya family
Can't tell by no tattoo, can't tell by no handshake
It's scarred in the heart [?], bein down is an attitude
Doin what you gotta do, for the crew's sake
My definition of a soulja, Revolutionary, Military Minded,
And ready for whatever

Nigga hope for the best and prepare for the worst
Stay aware be alert bomb first, don't tell me

Tell me are you down? when it's goin down
You got to hold it down, don't talk it hold it down
Homey tell me are you down? when it's goin down
You got to hold it down, don't talk it hold it down
Homey tell me are you down?

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Hell Yeah (Pimp The System)"

Holton Street
Dean Street (click clack)
President (uh huh)
Nostril out (DP's)
Orange AI (RPG's)
Tee Town (Who wanna ride?)
Brooklyn
Come on, Come on

Sittin' in the living room on the floor
All the pain got me on some migraine shit
But I'm gonna maintain
Nigga got 2 or 3 dollars to my name
And my homies in the same boat going through the same thing
Ready for a cake
Better plot for the paper
We been living in the dark since April
On the candle
Gotta get a handle
My homie got a 25 automatic added to the camper
Nigga get the phone book look up in the yellow page
Lemme tell you how we fend to get paid
We gonna order pizza and when we see the driver
We gonna stick the 25 up in his face
Let's ride, stepping outside like warriors
Head to the notorious Southside
One weapon to the four of us
Hiding in the corridor until we see the dominos car headlights
White boy in the wrong place at the right time
Soon as the car door open up he mine
We roll up quick and put the pistol to his nose
By the look on his face he probably shitted in his clothes
You know what this is
It's a stick up
Gimme the do' from your pickups
You ran into the wrong niggaz
We running down the block hot with these pizza boxes
So we split up and met back at the apartment

Hell yeah (yo ain't you hungry my nigga?)
Hell yeah (you wanna get paid my nigga?)
Hell yeah (ain't you tired of starving my nigga?)
Hell yeah (well let's ride then)
Hell yeah, Hell yeah

I know a way we can get paid you can get down but you can't be afraid
Let's go to the DMV

And get a ID
The name says you but the fates is me
Now it's your turn take my paper work
Like 1, 2, 3 let's make it work
Then, fill out the credit card application
And it's gonna be bout 3 weeks a waiting
For American Express
It's cause we card
Platinum visa, master card
Cause we was spooked as shit like we's was targets
Now we just walk right up and say charge it
To the game we rocking brand names
Goin on out the park store chains
We even got the boys in the crew a few things
Po Po never know who to true blame
Sto' after Sto' you know we kept rolling
Wait two weeks report the car stolen
Repeat this like a like a laundry mat
Like a glitch in the system it's hard to catch
Coming out the mall with the shopping bags
We can take it right back then get the cash
Yea, get a friend and then do it again
Damn right that's how we paid the rent

Hell yeah
Time to get this paper
I'm down for the caper
Please steady on
It's a deadly struggle
We all gotta hustle
This is the way we survive
[Repeat]

I know a caper
We can get some government paper
You know food stamps can we really do that
Hell yea, right there for the taking
Fuck welfare we say reparations
And, uh, you know the grind
Get up early get in the line and just wait
Everybody on break that's part of the game
And when they call your name
Ms. Case Worker let my state my claim
I'm homeless, jobless, times is hard, I'm 'bout hopeless
But I gotta eat regardless
No family to run to I'm 22
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do
My sad story made her feel close to me
I made her feel like it was an emergency
When I came to the crib niggaz couldn't believe
I came back with a big bag of groceries (hell yeah)

Every job I ever had I had to get on the first day

I find out how to pimp on the system

Two steps ahead of the manager

Getting over on the regular tax free money out of the register

And when I'm working late nights stockin' boxes I'm creepin' their merchandise

And don't put me on dishes I'm dropping them bitches

And taking all day long to mop the kitchen shit

We ain't getting paid commission, minimum wage, modern day slave conditions

Got me flippin' burgers with no power

Can't even buy one off what I make in an hour

I'm not the one to kiss ass for the top position

I take mine off the top like a politician

Where I'm from doing dirt is a part of living

I got mouths to feed I gots to get it

Hell yeah (you down to roll my nigga?)

Hell yeah (you ready to get your hands dirty my nigga?)

Hell yeah (your woman need money and things my nigga?)

Hell yeah (well let's ride then)

Hell yeah

If you claiming gangsta

Then bang on the system

And show that you ready to ride

Till we get our freedom

We got to get over

We steady on the grind

[Repeat]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"W-4"

[intro sample vocals from "American Pimp"]

So much shit goes on it makes me doubt about a God -- you know, makes me ask
well if there is a God then why am I in the situation that I'm in?
Or why is my family going through certain situations
when I don't think that they deserve it nah mean?
Or why do good people suffer so much and bad people prosper so much?

[sample fades out as instrumental comes in]

[lighter sparkling]

Yo

Goin out...we light this J up right here...for all the hard working folk
cross this country, cross the world
For everybody on the grind everyday 9 to 5, 8 to 12 -- you know how we do it
Hand to hand, whateva...
Yo, yo..

[Chorus - singing]

I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
I ain't tellin' you nothing you don't already know
I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
Like this world just don't want us to groooow

I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
I ain't tellin' you nothing you don't already know
I been working all my life but ain't got nothin' to show
Wanna run up in tha white house and kick in tha do' ohhhhh

[Verse 1]

What a nigga gonna eat when the refrigerator empty?
Work all week let the bossman pimp me?
Can't pay no rent till the 15th
Landlord call the police to evict me
Lookin for a job in the want ads
Have you ever been to jail? Know they gone ask
Ever took a piss test that you didn't pass?
In between jobs in the past? How you get cash?
I done worked over hot ass stoves
I done picked up trash off roads
Winter time in the streets and the cold
Many times had to sleep in my clothes on the flo'
What you know bout bein' po' seein' most of yo kinfolk be on dope?
Ain't nobody in the hood got no hope in this fucked up system and that's why we don't vote
Still payin niggaz 4.25 - How the fuck we supposed to survive?
I'm close to the edge, government takin most of my bread
in taxes might as well have this close to my head

Make a nigga wanna wild out
runup in the white house with the gauge out, CLICK CLACK!
GIMME MY SHIT BACK BEEYOTCH!

[Chorus]

Puttin' on my uniform, just a number on a W-4 form..

[Verse 2]

See where I'm from it's a few ways out
either rappin or sports either dope or the casket
You can work to the bone but don't put all yo eggs in one basket
We don't never get a piece of the pie
Work 50 years, retire then die
Stay po', rich folks is the criminal
but you don't wanna hear me tho' so
thank God it's friday, ain't it what we live fo'?
Nigga gotta get up out the plantation
Same job that my pop had before me
Imma pass it down to my seed fucked up situation
Make a nigga wanna wild out
runup in the white house with the gauge out, CLICK CLACK!
GIMME MY SHIT BACK BEEYOTCH!

[Chorus]

My J-O-Beeee
is just like a plantation
they owe meeee
but got me fillin' out this application

My J-O-Beeee
is just like a plantation
they owe meeee
and got me fillin' out this application

[song fades]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Radio Freq"

Crank up yo speakas

To all my niggaz
Every hustlin nigga
Strugglin niggaz
Revolutionary niggaz
Gangbangin niggaz
Chain gangin niggaz
To ya freaky sick

I refuse to be a stereotype in your box
Never want to try to be somethin I'm not
I'm just a nigga from the block, if you got it twist it
Stay blowin on green, if you got it twist it on up
DP's givin a fuck
RBG'd up in some gangsta chucks
Throw yo fist up homie if you know what's up
All my comrades puttin in soldier work
We rollin dirty wit it
Fully dedicated
So real that the radio will never play it
But that's cool, the enemies supposed to hate it
Freedom ain't gonna come till we regulate it
That's why I'm in the dojo, not just for the video
Really do, we really got beef with the popo
Never know when they gonna put you in a choke hold
This is for you new niggaz holdin for the radio

[Chorus:]
Turn off the radio
Turn off that bull shit
[repeat x3]

[telephone rings]
People's Radio
Yo hang up, that's police

What's on the radio? Propaganda, mind control
And turnin it on is like puttin on a blind fold
Cause when you bringin it real you don't get rotation
Unless you take over the station
And yeah I know it's part of they plans
To make us think it's all about party and dance
And yo it might sound good when yo spittin you rap
But in reality don't nobody live like that
You wanna know what kinda nigga I am
let me tell you bit the nigga I'm not

I don't fuck with the cops
Platinum don't me that it gotta be hot
I ain't gotta love it even if they play it a lot
You can hear it when you walk the streets
How many people they reach
How they use music to teach
A radio program ain't a figure of speech
Don't sleep, cause you could be a radio freq

[Chorus]

[telephone rings]
People's Radio
I gotta fat chain, I gotta fat whip, I gotta -
Nigga get off that bull shit!!!

Crank up yo speakers
Yo woofas and yo tweeters
Turn up yo recievers
We bangin off the meter

Crank up yo speakers
Yo woofas and yo tweeters
Turn up yo recievers
We bangin fo the people
[repeat]

Freak freak y'all, to the beat y'all
DP's dog, we gotta eat dog
People's Radio, on the stereo
For the ghettos and the barrios

[repeat]

Crank up yo speakers
Yo woofas and yo tweeters
Turn up yo recievers
We bangin off the meter

Crank up yo speakers
Yo woofas and yo tweeters
Turn up yo recievers
We bangin fo the people

Y'all gonna get black-balled
Nigga what? Nigga get these black balls . . . in yo mouf

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Fucked Up"

[Verse 1]

How do it feel to be high without drugs?
Some say it's the feelin of love for yourself
I can't call it, I just threw up in the toilet
And all my life I said I wasnt gonna be no alcholic
I'm flailin son, tryin to stay sober
but the alchohol be callin son like a ghost
So let's make a toast to my liver and my kidneys
Pour out a little Henny here's to gout in your twenties
Not many niggaz make it to 30 we ride dirty
Breath stinkin, already drinkin, bright an' early
Out an earl na smirnoff, gin and 8 ball
Passed out on the bathroom floor with my clothes off
Remember them knickies? tall can't fit in they dickies?
Before they put them cameras up in the corna store
We used to be so much fun when we was young
Tryin to holler at somethin smellin like 151
Gettin thrown out the club all buzzed I'm bout to get the gun, dawg
But I ain't even know where I was
My nigga emae had to carry me home a many day
It was Heineken, dreks, engays, and eng
They say alcoholism is in my DNA
cause my pops liked to get fucked up the same way
They say alcoholism is in my DNA
cause my pops liked to get fucked up the same way

[Verse 2]

I got so fucked up last night I passed out
assed out man I couldnt even get to the house
and I know I shouldnt been drinkin on an empty stomach
but the fiest said open bar I said fuck it
went from vodka to rum, from rum to cogniac
and my body feel like ive been fightin in combat
and ive been coughin up yellow shit breakin a sweat
i've been shakin like a leaf but thats just what I get
for pourin my own poison and throwin it back
and its not enough to just know better you gotta act
I know I said that the last time
but I was havin such a good time

Dead Prez Lyrics

"50 In The Clip"

(feat. Wu Hylton)

Check this out!

Alright it's going down like this right here
You push you pay, nahmsayin, everything counts, the trips you pay double
Keep your back straight and count them out loud

C'mon C'mon

50 in the Clip, get big; get big
50 in the Clip, get big; get big
50 in the Clip, get big; get big

On the palms, on the fingertips, on the wrists, on the fists

50 in the Clip, get big; get big
50 in the Clip, get big; get big
50 in the Clip, get rip; get big

On the palms, on the fingertips, on the wood, on the brick

[Verse 1]

Jump and roll doing kicks, basic drills with the sticks
50 push-ups in the clip, on the fists on the brick
Getting swell on the block, lifting weights at the gym
Take the kids to the park do some techniques with them
Throw that hook, work that cross, stick and move, tap that jaw
Tiger claw, Lion paw, Iron palm can't be soft
Life is hard on the block, put your heart on the spot
You gon' ride or you're not, bomb first get the drop

[Talking]

Pay me, that's head crack boy
That fever ain't got nuthin on that
And stay away from the corners
Tracing burners, you heard me

[Verse 2]

Getting big wit the clique, keep it tight like a fist
Everybody hit the deck nigga four, five, six
Add it up, hit the block, no shirt, tatted up
Skinny niggaz getting cut, since it's two get them knees up
Ain't no girl push-ups, RBG's fifty-fifty
Let me see what you got
Nigga don't just watch me, do 'em with me
You can do it, you look rev'd from your gut not your chest
Push 'em out, make them count go all out, count them out nigga

[Talking]

4,5,6 look at that boy, go together just like Red, Black and Green boy

You looking at Fred, Huey and George right there
Word up, time to pay up, put your muscle where your mouth is
Get big, count them out

50,49,48,47 Get big
46,45,44,43 Get big
42,41,40,39 Push 'em out
38 Get big
37 Get big
36 Get big
35 Get big
34,33,32,31 Get big
30,29,28,27 Get big
26,25,24,23 Push 'em out
22 Get big
21 Get big
20 Get big
19 Get big
18,17,16,15 Get big
14,13,12,11 Get big
10,9,8,7 Push 'em out
6 Get big
5 Get big
4 Get big
3 Get big....2.....1

All day it's in the mind

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Way Of Life"

[guitar plays and birds in the background]

[Verse 1]

What you know about the running, the stretching
The cars, the weapons
The path, the journey
The jewels, the learning
The fear, the focus
The aches, the pains
The contact sparrin', the breaks, the sprains
The trial and error, the ranks, and belts
The spiritual growth, the science of breath
The tests, the techniques
The forms, the stances
The flow, the rhythm, the internal answers
The herbs, the healing, the quiet meditation
The truths reveal through daily dedication
The love for the art, the sweat on your shirt
The mind, the body, and the spirit that work
The feelings of failure, the hope to succeed
The battles of questions like "Should I smoke weed?"

[Verse 2]

The water, the thirst
The cleansing, the blessings
The flash of insights, the teachings, the lessons
The grappling and locking, trapping and boxing
The training and slacking
The starting and stopping
And stayin' committed, when your homies ain't with it
The hours or practice after the class is finished
The cause of your ignorance, flaws in your discipline
Broken laws of nutrition, and pork and dishin'
The vitamins and supplements
Salads and ointments

The kingships, pull joints in doctor appointments
The dues, the pads, the wraps, the gloves
The mouthpiece you left home, the taste of your own blood
The hunger, the blocks
The punches, the squats
The crunches, the example you set for the youngsters
The will, the skills, the kill or the hill
The separation between what's fake and what's real
The laws of physics, The class "comradery"
The vows of humility, the bow, the courtesy.

[guitar plays]

[Sample]

Self defense doesn't mean you run and attack someone
But you do have the right to defend yourself by any means necessary
If you in that position to defend yourself (Ha!)

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Don't Forget Where U Goin'"

For my dogs in the pen, my niggaz hold your head
For my dirties on the block, come up any way you can
For my homies in the street game, trying to get ahead
For homeless people sleepin' on the sidewalks for beds

To the babies, born already on dope
Straight to his veins from the Coast Guard boat

Baby daddies and if you late you can't participate
Baby mommas, I know what you going through
So sorry to disappoint you

Ghetto children you're the spark, you're the energy, you're the heart
To the granma's, you're the glue 'cause you know things fall apart

To the PP's, the POW's, MIA's
To to AR's, to the HK's, to the M1's, to the AK's

To the comrades on the grind
Let me see who comes to mind

To my clic, to stic
Oh yeah I can't forget
What up Tahim? What up Abu?
What up Common? What up Badu?
Jermaine, Dem, and Dee-Don
We 'bout to get our freak on
That's F R double E on
In case you didn't hear me, hear me, hear me

Oh oh oh, oh oh

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Hell Yeah (Pimp The System) (Remix)"

(feat. Jay-Z)

[Jay-Z]

We together on the same track now, baby!

Whatchu gon call us now?!

[Intro]

Holton Street, Dean Street (click clack)
Prezident (uh huh) nostril out (DP's) (Marcy)
Orange Al (RBGs) T-Town (Who wanna ride?)
Brooklyn, Come on, Come on

[Verse: stic.man]

Sittin' in the living room on the floor
Hunger pain got me on some migraine shit
But I'm a maintain
Nigga got 2 or 3 dollars to my name
And my homies in the same boat going through the same thing
Ready for our cake, steady plottin for the paper
We been living in the dark since April
On the candle, gotta get a handle
My homie got a 25 automatic added to the gamble
Nigga get the phone book look up in the yellow page
Lemme tell you how we fend to get paid
We gonna order pizza and when we see the driver
We gonna stick the 25 up in his face
Lets ride, stepping outside like warriors
Head to the notorious Southside
One weapon to the four of us
Hiding in the corridor until we see the Dominos car headlights
White boy in the wrong place at the right time
Soon as the car door open up he mine
We roll up quick and put the pistol to his nose
By the look on his face he probably shitted in his clothes
You know what this is, it's a stic up
Gimme the do' from your pickups
You ran into the wrong niggaz
We running down the block hot with these pizza boxes
So we split up and met back at the apartment

[Chorus]

Hell yeah (yo ain't you hungry my nigga?)
Hell yeah (you wanna get paid my nigga?)
Hell yeah (ain't you tired of starving my nigga?)
Hell yeah (well lets ride then)
Hell yeah, Hell yeah

[Verse: M-1]

I know a way we can get paid
You can get down but you can't be afraid
 Let's go to the DMV, and get a ID
 The name says you but the face is me
 Now it's your turn take my paper work
 Like 1, 2, 3 lets make it work
 Then, fill out the credit card application
 And it's gonna be bout 3 weeks of waiting
 For American Express, Discovery Card
 Platinum Visa, Master Card

Cause, when you was spooked as shit then we was targets
 Now we just walk right up and say charge it
 To the game we rocking brand names
 Well known at Department Store chains
 Even got the boys in the crew a few things
 Po Po never know who to true blame
 Store after store you know we kept rolling
 Wait two weeks report the car stolen
 Repeat this cycle like a like a laundry mat
 Like a glitch in the system it's hard to catch
 Coming out the mall with the shopping bags
 We can take it right back then get the cash
 Yeah, get a friend and then do it again
 Damn right that's how we paid the rent (hell yeah)

[Bridge x2]

Got to get this paper
I'm down for the caper, we steady on the grind
 It's a daily struggle, we all gotta hustle
 This is the way we survive

[Verse - Jay-Z]

As long as there's - drugs to be sold
I ain't waiting for the system to plug up these holes
 I ain't slipping through the cracks
So I'm at Portland, Oregon tryin to slip you these raps
 The first black in the suburbs
 You'd think I had extasy, percocet, and plus syrup
The way the cops converged, they fucked up my swerve
 The first young buck that I served
 I thought back to the block
I never seen a cop when I was out there
 They never came out there
 And out there, I was slinging crack to live
 I'm only slinging raps to your kids
I'm only trying to show you how black niggaz live
But you don't want your little ones acting like this
 Lil Amy told Becky, Becky told Jenny
 And now they all know the skinny
 Lil Joey got his durag on
Driving down the street blasting Tupac's song (Thug Life baby!)
 But Billy like Sue, got his blue rag on
 Now before you know it, you backing em

Now the police, got me in the middle of the street

Trying to beat me blue, black and orange

I'm like hold up, who you smacking on?

I'm only trying to eat what you snacking on

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

Hell yeah (y'all don't like that do you?)

Hell yeah (you fucked up the hood nigga right back to you)

Hell yeah (you know we tired of starving my nigga)

Hell yeah (let's ride) hell yeahhh (let's ride)

[Bridge x2 w/ Jay-Z ad-libs]

If you claiming gangsta

Then bang on the system

And show that you ready to ride

Till we get our freedom

We got to get over

We steady on the grind